

WINTER MYSTERY.

By ANNIE BOURNE HOBSON.

Pretty snow-drops stealing down,
Where do you go your winter flight?
Lonesome look ye seek tonight,
On the darkling hills and town.

Was it whispered in the clouds,
Where the gulls have their birth,
That the frozen forest of earth
Would pure and stainless shroud?

Yonder, where the sun of June
Clothed the West in amber light,
Lies the dark wood in the mist
Which hath dropped the winter night.

Now, the woodland's muffled low,
Scarcely can start the timid hare;
Creeping noiseless from his lair,
Notices as the falling snow.

Still are all the merry fays,
Huddled are all the elf-creeps;
Only now in dusky throngs
Caw the crows throughout the vale.

Over the dreary fields the birds
Fly and peck the scattered grain;
While upon the barren plain
Browse the crows, unguarded herds.

Where the churchyard's windy wall
Blue black against the sky,
Creeps the raven, by night,
Ye shall know when it calls.

Now the yew tree's gruesome shade
Bleakens all the frosty mound;
And the sexton, grim and bold,
Walks among the graves in gloom.

Pretty snow-drops coming down,
Wherefore earthward wing your flight?
Lonesome look ye seek tonight,
On the darkling hills and town.

There's a sadness in the air,
As if the frozen forest sigh;
Sorrow travels hand in hand
With her ghastly twin—Despair.

Lies the lonely wood's breast,
As he shrieks among the oaks,
Where the lonely moans of snow,
And the wailing wail of winds.

Let us also flee away,
Past the hedges and past the town;
Flinging wandering up and down,
Telling tales, and tales in gray.

Sorrow and despair, the loveliest,
Who shall we so well and free,
And they shall not miss the past,
Nor the friends we leave behind.

Shall not grieve at night to know
How, in life, we loved in vain,
For the latter bliss and pain,
Death shall hide beneath the snow.

—S. Louis Republic.

THE NECKLACE.

By ANNIE W. WILSON.

There was, at Florence, a cloth-
merchant called Strambino. He was a little,
bandy-legged man, always busy and run-
ning about. "Good day, Strambino,"
his neighbors would sometimes say to
him; "you are stirring early this morn-
ing! You are as active as a terrier; but
where are you going so fast?" Stram-
bino would wave his hand to signify that
he had not time to stop, and would re-
spond with a few words of importance.

This morning little man had married
the daughter of a goldsmith, named Vi-
olante, a head taller than her husband,
and who, in a family quarrel, would have
defended herself against even Gerion,
the three-headed giant, if Fate had given
him to her as a husband. Judge how
this good lady treated so insignificant a
person as Strambino. So it is said that
Madame Violante, in order to show the
little cloth merchant the danger of taking
too much upon himself, gave him, now
and then, a box on the ear; and yet,
such was the obedience of Strambino,
and his reverent disposition, that noth-
ing, not even the manual corrections of
Violante, could conquer his propensity to
interfere with everything going on in
the house.

Violante, as is the custom with Italian
ladies, had a cavalier servant, an admirer
and particular friend, who often visited
her, and sometimes attended her in pub-
lic. This was a youth named Guido, an
apprentice with a furrier in the neigh-
borhood. Being somewhat suspicious of
his wife, and jealous of her intimacy
with the latter, Strambino resolved to
lay a snare for her.

His house, situated on the Place du
Marche-Neuf, joined a garden, bordering
on an unfrequented street, from which
it was separated by a simple wall, breast
high. One evening Strambino said to
his wife:

"I am more than ever overwhelmed
with business, and shall be compelled to
set out to-morrow for Nocera, where I
have a large sum of money owing me.
My absence will last probably a couple of
days."

"Very well," replied Violante, "re-
turn as soon as possible, and take care
that your money is not stolen on the
way, for it is said that the road to No-
cera is not the safest."

"It is well known in Florence that I
am not afraid of robbers," replied the
little man with a valiant air.

Early on the following morning, Stram-
bino's neighbors saw him come out in a
traveling costume, and walk off rapidly,
wearing at his side a huge rapier, which
greatly embarrassed his movements.

"Hallo, Strambino!" cried some,
"where are you going in that equip-
ment? Is it true that you are going to
fight the Turks?"

As we may suppose, Strambino was
too much occupied with his project to
reply to these jests. Having crossed the
market-place, he stopped at a coffee-
house, where he could distinguish the
door of his dwelling. After an hour of
observation, he saw his door open, and
Violante come out, accompanied by the
servant, bearing a basket on her arm.
Strambino, concluding that the two wo-
men were going to market to purchase
provisions, left the coffee-house, and made
his way through retired streets to the
garden, whose walls he hastily climbed,
after having assured himself that no one
was looking. From thence, having en-
tered the house by a back door, of which
he had taken the key, he mounted to a
large apartment situated under the eaves,
which was seldom visited, because it
contained only some old furniture, a few
empty chests, some salt provisions, and
the bread of the family; so it was usu-
ally kept locked.

"I have provisions enough here,"
thought Strambino; "and there is a
large broken pitcher, which I will fill
with water. I will remain concealed in
this room all day, and in the evening,
coming out slowly in hand, I will sur-
prise my wife, who will not fail to make
an appointment with Guido."

During the day Violante, whether from
some suspicion, or whether she really
had business in the room where Stram-
bino was concealed, ascended thither,
and, holding his breath, he saw her
husband crouched behind a large chest,
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Two Too Frivolous Jokes.

The Grace of William Penn.

Many Americans visiting England de-
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served, can be obtained, and a trap hired
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a good and much frequented road lead-
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miles of the meeting-house, a side road
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the precise locality of Jordans; and it is
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greatness! even the intelligent lad who
accompanied us had never heard of Wil-
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Arriving at the meeting-house, we
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building of brick, with a roof of tiles.
That portion nearest the road was occu-
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property—not, however, members of the
Society, although I understand the family
has occupied the same position for thirty
years. That portion intended for the
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generally—the usually raised seats for
ministers and elders, the same rough
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In front of the main entrance to the
house is the graveyard, perhaps an
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